

## Peggy Lee

### "I Got It Bad"

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My baby ever treats me sweet and gentle the way he  
should;  
I got it bad and that ain't good!

My poor heart is sentimental not made of wood  
I got it bad and that ain't good!  
But when the weekend's over and Monday rolls aroun'  
I end up like I start out just cryin' my heart out  
He don't love me like I love him nobody could  
I got it bad and that ain't good!

Like alonely weeping willow lost in the wood  
I got it bad and that ain't good!  
And the things I tell my pillow no woman should  
I got it bad and that ain't good!  
Tho folks with good intentions tell me to save my tears  
I'm glad I'm mad about him I can't live without him  
Lord above me make him love me the way he should  
I got it bad and that ain't good!

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